

## Poetry.

## THE MYSTIC RIVER.

We know there is a river whose mystic flow  
Has over the sound of the falling snow  
As it onward rolls forever.  
The pulses that lie on its crystal bed  
Rest on the forms of our cherished dead,  
Who sleep beneath the river.

To the river's brink we weeping go,  
To see the ways a break sad and low  
O'er our loved ones gone before.  
And we sorrowfully watch the rippling tide  
Till they pass across to the other side,  
With the boatman of the silvery river.

How oft have we seen the waters gleam  
When by crystals span the stream.  
While in the mist we tarry—  
It is far flow, the desired and best,  
When the boatman carries home to rest  
Across the Mystic Ferry.

A beautiful bridge-way spans the stream,  
There is a path to the gates whose gleam  
Light the footsteps of funeral—  
We enter to see in their bright array  
To our part, cheer, and point the way  
To a life beyond its portals.

CAROLINA MARR.

## HOUSEHOLD.

## CELERY OMELET.

Two eggs, two table-spoons milk, two table-spoons chopped celery, salt and pepper to taste. Beat the yolks till thick, add milk, celery and seasoning. Beat the whites stiff, and fold and cut them into the yolks. Cook in hot buttered pan till brown underneath. Place in the oven till dry on top. Fold over and turn out.

## CREAM TOAST.

One pint milk or cream, two even table-spoons flour, two table-spoons butter, one half teaspoon salt, six slices dry toast. Heat the milk, melt the butter in a granite saucepan, add the flour, mix well, and stir in one third of the milk. Stir till it thickens and is smooth, then add the remainder gradually. Add the salt. Dip the dry toast quickly in hot salted water; put it in a deep dish, and pour the thickened cream over each slice.

## BAKED FISH.

After cleaning the fish thoroughly, let it stand in salt water for two or three hours. Rub it well, inside and out, with pepper. Make a dressing of bread crumbs, one table-spoonful of butter, a small onion chopped fine, pepper and salt to suit the taste. Stuff the fish with this dressing, and tie or sew up. Put it in the pan, with water enough to cover. Sprinkle it over with flour, and put in a small piece of butter. Bake slowly one hour. Garnish with hard-boiled eggs.

## EGGS FOR SUPPER.

Take a little nicely flavored brown gravy, and put into a shallow pie-dish which has been well buttered. Place it in the oven, and let it remain until it boils, then take it out and break into it as many eggs as will lie side by side together. Sprinkle seasoned bread crumbs over all, and place the dish again in the oven until the eggs are set. Have ready one or two rounds of toast. Take the eggs up carefully with a slice, lay them on the toast, pour the gravy over all, and serve hot.

## MUTTON STEW FOR TWO.

Two mutton chops, cut from near the shoulder. Put them in a shallow pan having a tight cover. Pour on boiling water to the depth of one inch; cover and simmer one hour; add more water as it boils away, using only enough to keep the meat from burning. Add two slices of French turnip, two small onions whole; and when the meat and turnip are nearly tender add two common-sized potatoes, having first soaked and scalded them. Add one teaspoonful of salt and a little pepper. Remove the vegetables without breaking; let the water boil nearly away, leaving enough for a gravy. Remove the fat, thicken the gravy with flour, and, if needed, add salt and tomato catsup. Pour it over the meat.

## NYE IN DIXIE.

The Thrilling Story of a Midnight Escape  
—Under Cover of Darkness William Makes His Train.

IN KENTUCKY AND TRECKING SOUTH,  
December 2.

So much has been said by philosophers and savants regarding the beneficial effects of sleep. Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep, has no doubt received as many favorable press notices as any attraction, perhaps, that is now a candidate for public favor; and yet sleep may be justly and severely criticized.

Sleep and its beneficial effects are often over-estimated. A traveling man stated to me yesterday as he rubbed up a special gas tip which he uses at hotels where the tip has been economically pinched together by the landlord, that he had observed very often, not only that sleep failed to refresh, but actually seemed injurious.

"For instance, last evening I went to bed as happy as a lark, and this morning when I woke up the first feeling that came over me was one of the deepest sadness. I lay it to sleep. Sleep is over-estimated. Last night I never felt more kindly to every one. I remember of hugging the night clerk, a man whom I now loathe. Why was it? Sleep! Sleep has changed me from a glad, merry hearted boy, whose songs enlivened the night like a silvery music of a gentle waterfall, to the pessimistic and austere cynic you see before you. To-night I will guard against this much talked of sleep. I will stay up all night."

## EVILS OF EARLY TRAINING.

I got up at 2:30 a. m. yesterday and thought of his remark. If anything can be more injurious than sleep I think it is early rising. Early rising and an illy lighted (this word I got at a fall opening in Chicago) an illy lighted stairway threw me at Benton Harbor and injured my ankle so that I could not get to the depot without assistance. At that hour it was impossible to get a carriage, for the city was yet young, like the new born day itself. The clerk tried to rouse every or any lively stable in town, but he could not.

Meantime I lay moaning in the arms of an attendant. My breath came in quick, but yet invisibly checked pants. The train would be due in eight minutes. What to do? Anon I heard a dull thud as the clerk broke in the door of a blacksmith shop and pulled out a piano box buggy valued at \$18.50.

Hastily placing me in this, with the aid of my attendant and valet, he started on a run for the station, neighing joyously as he met a team that he recognized. In a trice, or possibly a trice and a half, we were there. I was taken out and placed in a berth, where I moaned the balance of the night away; but I cannot be two grateful to the clerk of the hotel at Benton Harbor, where this melancholy accident occurred, for he showed tact, ability and kindness to say nothing of the fact that I found him to be thoroughly gentle and a good roadster.

As he left us I wrang his hand two times (for ice water) and, turning away my head so that he could not see my tears, I presented him with my autograph. When I got home I am going to send him a nice new red fly net for next summer.

## THE RAILWAY'S DELAYS.

The flight from Benton Harbor was not much like our triumphant entry in the evening. All the previous day we had battled against disaster and delay. As we left Manistee the engine broke down so that we could only use one side of it. Rapidly we lost time. Once we lost over three quarters of an hour in less than twenty minutes. This meant that we would fail to connect at Grand Rapids, and so miss Benton Harbor, where we had agreed to lecture to a man for whom we had a good deal of respect. Every time we stopped we had to look out or we would be on the "dead point" of the engine, and then it would take half an hour with a pinch bar and some profanity to start again.

Finally we got desperate. I told the conductor how we were situated and asked him if he could hold the Grand Rapids train. He seemed to fear he could not, as we were already three hours late and rapidly falling further into the early fall. However, he said that all would be well.

It is very trying to sit and suffer that way, knowing that there has been an advance sale of \$8, with the chances of a door sale running it up to \$11 or \$11.50, and that bitter disappointment is likely to fall upon people who have come from a distance—"our best people," too.

When we got to Grand Rapids an order was there from Superintendent Conley to provide us with a special engine, baggage car and coach, and in fifteen minutes we were traveling at a high rate of speed toward our destination.

Dear reader, did you ever travel by means of your own special train? If not you do not know what real, keen enjoyment and vanity is (or are, rather). We could put our feet on the seats, smoke, gamble till after bedtime, talk loud, drink out of all the ice water tanks at once, wipe our faces on two clean towels at a time, and just give ourselves up to a delicious sense of lawlessness that made me feel young again.

## THE JOYS OF A PASS.

I can still remember how I felt the first time I rode on a pass. I did not need the trip, and I lost two days at the office to do it, but I could not be comfortable with the beautiful pass in my pocket. I rose when the conductor came to me and showed him my pass. I watched the rest of the poor, unknown passengers to see how it would strike them, poor people, common working people, who had to pay full rates and sit on the woodbox.

The conductor looked me over so that he would know me next time, and then he said: "This pass is only good on the short line. It's no good on this train."

This morning, on the way to Louisville, I saw a handsome man with white side whiskers sleeping in our parlor car. I thought at first that it was John Bright, who made such a hit with his great disease, but then, I thought, it cannot be Bright, for he is dead.

Soon he opened his eyes pleasantly, waking up like a little daffodil on the

wind swept mead. Then I saw that he was Daniel Dougherty. He was to speak at Louisville soon, and so he was going there. When he has to speak at a place he begins by going there. He was right glad to see me, and his face lighted up the moment he saw me with such a look of delicious pleasure that I felt glad I could shed such sunlight on the pathway of others. Mr. Dougherty is a most eloquent speaker, a keen judge of intellect and ability in others, and is writing a life of Edwin Forrest, which will be sold only by subscription, in cloth, \$3.50; library style, \$4; full Russia, with beveled edges \$6.

## ROUGE DE THEATER.

It was in Michigan last week that Mr. Burbank and I went to the drug store to get some things in the way of grease paints and flake white, for beautifying and whitening the neck and arms for evening dress. Mr. Burbank inquired for some rouge de theater. That means theatrical rouge. I give this explanation because I am a good French scholar, and used to translate French novels until I had a severe illness which showed me how uncertain life is, and then I made a solemn promise that I would be a better man. So I do not translate French novels now. I am far from what I ought to be, of course, yet, but I have made that much of a stride in the right direction.

"Got any rouge?" Mr. B. asked.  
"Any what?"  
"Rouge?"  
"Rouge?"  
"Yes, rouge."

"Why, I believe so. What color do you want?"

This is not the creation of a feverish imagination or just seven fat lines to tickle the printer alone. It is the eternal truth, and I can prove it.

Near the Kentucky line, on the J. M. and I road, my attention was called to an obese gentleman with a chin beard which looked as though it had been used for thirty or forty years as a hearth broom. He ate apples, slept and visited the ice water end of the car often, accompanied by a large barometer with a cork in it.

Sometimes he would ask the rest of us to go with him and see what the weather was going to be for the blue grass country. He generally went by himself and returned with happy tears in his eyes and a breath that would polish a plate glass mirror and remove warts, freckles, tan, superfluous hair and democratic votes.

Then he would take out his teeth and cleanse them neatly on the linen cover of the parlor car chair. He was just that neat and pernickety that everything about him must be nice and clean, even his teeth. Then he would eat an apple with his pocketknife, carefully wiping it on his trousers before and after using it. I never saw such a neat man. Then he would go again to the tank with his barometer and come back, dignified but courtly and kind.

Once he met a handsome little blonde boy in the aisle and reached out to pat him on the head, but his weather researches had worn him out pretty well, so he missed the child and struck an old woman from Peru, Ind., on the brow, pulling off her spectacles and sticking them in her lunch before he could recover.

## THE OBSE MAN ASLEEP.

As I write these lines he sits opposite me asleep. Judging by the wrinkles in the roof of his mouth, I would say that he is a man about sixty-eight years of age, but wonderfully well preserved.

He has done it himself. He has done it by means of alcohol. You know self preservation is the first law of nature.

But I oughtn't to make such light and flippant remarks about so gentle and lovable man as he seems to be; a man whose whole being is as open as the day, as far as the eye can reach. I feel half ashamed now that I have exposed him even thus to my gentle and indulgent reader.

He shows every mark of a most kindly nature, and I'll bet anything that will be respectable and not regarded as gambling that no hungry man ever left his door and no homeless wanderer ever, with wet eyes, turned hopelessly from that broad and welcome doormat at the portals of the home where this old gentleman resides.

I feel sure that no sorrowing heart ever came to him for gentle pity and cheer that went hungry away; no broken winged bird with grieving cry ever came to nestle in that broad and resonant breast to be clubbed away with cold and cruel scorn; and yet I grieve to say that as I sit here writing these words and look far down into his open face no one can deny that the last time he wiped off his teeth he must have been thinking of something else, for the lowers are on the upper side and the vulcanized rubber roof of his mouth is down stars, so that he seems almost to be standing on his head. It makes me almost dizzy to look at him now. So no more at present from your true friend,  
BILL NYS.

## THE DANGER OF GOSSIP.

How That Story About Fossdick's Black Eyes Did Grow—Snodgrass Began it as a Joke.

Snodgrass—Hello, Snively! Have you seen Fossdick this morning?  
Snively—No. Why?  
Snodgrass—He's got two lovely black eyes.

Snively—What was the difficulty?  
Snodgrass—Haven't time to explain now. Here comes my car. Tell you later. Ta ta.

Snively—I didn't know that Fossdick was of a quarrelsome disposition, did you, Kickshaw?

Kickshaw—No; what do you mean? Snively—He must have been in a terrible row. I hear he has two awful black eyes to day.

Kickshaw—That's bad.  
Snively—Yes isn't it? So long.  
Kickshaw—Do you call on Mrs. Fossdick, my dear?

Mrs. Kickshaw—Yes; quite often. We are good friends.

Kickshaw—I don't think I'd go again until a little difficulty I heard of to day is explained.

Mrs. Kickshaw—What is it?  
Mr. Kickshaw—Well, it seems Mr. Fossdick is not fit to be seen to day. His face is frightfully disfigured and his eyes show severe usage. I couldn't quite make out whether he had been engaged in an ordinary saloon row and got severely punished or whether he and his wife had a quarrel and she threw a flatiron at him. At any rate, I'd keep away from the Fossdicks for awhile.

Mrs. Kickshaw (half an hour later)—Oh, Mrs. Dimmick, have you heard of the awful quarrel Mr. and Mrs. Fossdick have had?

Mrs. Dimmick—Indeed! I have been expecting to hear something of that kind from there. Tell me all about it.

Mrs. Kickshaw—Well, I don't know all the details, but what I have I've got pretty straight. It seems that Mr. Fossdick got into a brawl in a saloon and several men beat him unmercifully. Then he went home, and his wife scolded him, so he actually struck her. This made her angry, and she threw a flatiron at him, hitting him between the eyes. He's nearly blinded and disfigured for life. I'd think there'd be some application for divorce in that family pretty soon.

Mrs. Dimmick—I've heard to-day the awful news about Mr. and Mrs. Fossdick.

Mrs. Bunting—Oh, do tell me!

Mrs. Dimmick—Well, he went home drunk and abused her and she hit him with a flatiron and knocked him insensible. It was thought for some time he was dead and the neighbors were going to have her arrested for murder, but finally he came to. She went right home to her mother, and has sent for an attorney to begin suit for divorce.

Mrs. Bunting—What a pity! I always thought they were such a loving couple.

Mrs. Dimmick—Oh, you can't never tell. I've had my suspicions about them for a long time, but I never said a word to anybody about them.

Mrs. Bunting—Mrs. Larkin, if you read in the papers about a sensational divorce suit, don't be astonished.

Mrs. Larkin—Who is it? Is it anybody I know?

Mrs. Bunting—I should think it was. It's Mrs. Fossdick!

Mrs. Larkin—Mrs. Fossdick!  
Mrs. Bunting—Yes, it's too true. It seems that while we always thought her husband such an exemplary young man he has been going down the steep and slippery path of intemperance. He got into a low saloon fight and was nearly killed by the wicked men who congregate in such places, and went home in such a plight that his wife fainted. When she came to there was an awful scene. They came to blows.

"The brute struck at her with his heavy cane, and she seized upon the nearest thing to defend herself with. It happened to be a flatiron, and she almost killed him with it. They are making great efforts to hush it up, but it is all over town, and she has filed an application for divorce. They say the developments will be decidedly racy."

Mr. Fossdick (at the opera)—My dear, I wonder why people look at us in such a queer way to night.

Mrs. Fossdick—I don't know. I'm sure. Is my hat on straight?

Mr. Fossdick—Perfectly straight, love. I noticed that two or three men I knew turned their backs and pretended not to see me. I can't account for it.

Mrs. Fossdick—Neither can I. And that reminds me that I saw Mrs. Kickshaw and Mrs. Dimmick awhile ago coming right toward us, when they suddenly turned and went in another direction. What does it mean, Frank?

Mr. Fossdick—Now you've got me.

Snively (meeting Snodgrass a day or two later)—Oh, by the way, tell me about that row that Fossdick got into.

Snodgrass—He didn't get into any row that I know of.

Snively—But you told me he had two lovely black eyes.

Snodgrass—So he has. He was born with them.—Philadelphia Press.

## WISE WORDS.

It takes love to know love.  
Nobody ever saw a lazy child.  
True love always does its best.  
Praise never has to be coax'd to sing.  
We are bound to love the cause we work for.

A good habit is a sword, a bad habit a chain.  
Thinking right will keep you from doing wrong.  
We owe you when all men speak well of you.

The hardest thing love ever has to do is to remain idle.  
Love that is a task is very apt to be considered all mock.

Look where you are going, and know where you are looking.  
Doing wrong always kills something good in your own soul.

It takes trouble and affliction to get some people wide awake.  
The broader the way, the more people you will find traveling in it.

Have no business dealings with the man who never has a good word to say for anybody.

While the servant was improving his master's five talents he was working for himself.

The man who plays the bass drum in a band, always thinks the music would be better if he had more to do.  
An old hen with one chick is probably the biggest fool on earth. The man who thinks he can keep on sinning without losing his soul comes next.

Selfishness and godliness never get on well together. The grapes on that branch only put the teeth on edge, and give a bad name to the vineyard.—Indianaapolis (Ind.) Ram's Horn.

## HE WAS IN LUCK.

The Big Things That Fell Into a Spiritualist's Hands.

A tall, dignified-looking gentleman stood facing an unoccupied house on a prominent west side street the other day, closely scanning a large sign which hung on the front door. The house was a handsome modern structure, two stories high, and had evidently been built by some wealthy man for residence purposes, but was now advertised as being "For Rent."

The tall man had just finished taking observations and jotting down the owner's address in a small note book and was turning to leave when a neighbor came along and pleasantly remarked:  
"It's a pity that a fine house like this should stand idle for such a long time."

"Why, how long has it been idle?"  
"Well, the last tenant moved out two years ago, and the owner can't find another who is brave enough to live in there."

"What's the matter with it? Danger of collapsing?"

"Oh, no. The house is built solid enough. The great trouble is that it's haunted."

"You didn't say!" And the tall man seemed to grow more interested.

"It's a fact. Every Wednesday and Friday, just at midnight, the people of the neighborhood are startled by a series of wild, blood-curdling yells, and immediately after that two white figures appear at the upper windows."

"I've seen them myself," and the good man shuddered as he thought of it.

"Have you any idea what rental the owner demands for the whole house?"

"Yes, I heard him say he'd let anybody have it for \$5 per month!"

"Five dollars a month! Great Caesar! but that's a bargain. Guess I'll take it before some other fellow gets ahead of me."

"But wouldn't you be afraid of living in a house infested with spooks?"

"Oh, I'm quite used to them. I am a spiritualist, and as I hold my seances every Wednesday and Friday night, those spooks will come in very handy. You'll excuse me, sir, while I go and see the owner and sign a lease for ninety-nine years."

And as he walked off he muttered to himself: "Five dollars a month and two full fledged ghosts to boot. That is indeed a bargain."—Arkansas Traveller.

## HOW SHE SERVED THE SUMMONS.

She was bright and pretty and she dropped into a lawyer's office the other day and asked for work.

"What can you do?"

"Anything a woman of ability can do and more than most men."

"Great opinion of yourself, young woman," said an elderly lawyer present. "Perhaps you think you could serve this summons."

"I might," said she. "May I look at it? Yes, I will."

"If you do that you'll do something we've all been trying to do for a week. He's a slippery fellow and his people are all posted. However, you may

try it. You can afford to lose a little conceit," and the lawyer smiled grimly.

At 10 the next morning the office door was opened and the bright young woman walked in again.

"Thought you'd give it up, eh? Found him too slippery for you? Thought so."

"The paper is served," said she. It was her turn to smile now and she did it. The lawyer swung round in his chair.

"Served the —. How'd you do it?"  
"Oh, it was simple enough. I called at his place of business, looked around, priced some materials and then asked if he was in."

"No," said the salesman, "but can't I do as well?"

"I think not," I said quietly. He has always served me before and he understands just what I want."

"Oh, in that case you might call at his house. He will be in to dinner."

"I did call at his house, dressed in my best, card case in hand. I sent in my card and he appeared promptly."

"Mr. — said I, rising.

"Yes. You wished to see me on business?"

"I hear you are interested in property in — street?"

"Yes."

"Well, I have a paper which will interest you concerning it," offering him the summons, which he took with a smile. He looked at it and flushed crimson. So did I. Nothing was said. He controlled his temper and accompanied me to the door."

"Another field open to women," was the lawyer's only comment.—New York World.

## AN UNPLEASANT EPISODE.

Uncle Jerry's Reason for Declining a Tempting Invitation.

I was sitting on the veranda of a South Carolina hotel with Col. Golden, when an old colored man came limping up the street and the colonel called to him to come up where we were. When he arrived the colonel said:

"Uncle Jerry, I don't see you very often of late."

"No, sah. I've dun gittin' slightly feeblepus 'bout movin' around."

"I've got about twenty of the nicest little pigs you ever saw in a pen."

"Has yo'?"

"And a new lot of chickens."

"H'm"

"Lots of sweet potatoes around now, Uncle Jerry."

"Yes sah."

"And the boys just got the smok house filled up the other day."

"Dey did, eh?"

"You are a widower yet ain't you uncle?"

"Yes sah; oh, yes."

"Well, I've got a mighty fine looking colored cook now, and you must come down and see her. Just drop in on us any evening."

"Kumel," said the old man, as he vigorously scratched his head, "I would dun like to blegee you all, but I reckon I won't come."

"You won't! Why, what's the matter?"

"I was down dar one night last Spring to ax yo'r man Bill to lend me two bits. I stepped right into a big bar trap and it hung to me till I had to holler. Den yo' come out wid a lantern and horsewip, an' de way yo' did tuck it on to me beat all honey. I believe sunthin was said 'bout a piece of meat lyin' dar, an' 'bout two chickens in a bag, an' if I dun 'member right I didn't git outer my cabin fur 'bout fo' weeks arter dat. No, Kumel, I reckon I won't come down dar. I've mighty fond of yo' an' I can jest taste dem roast pigs an' sweet 'taters, but de nigger who puts his foot into a trap twice in one yar orter be dun cladded to death for a fule!" M. QUAD.

## NERVY AMERICAN GIRLS.

She Got Rid of the Man Who Was Crowding Her.

The fact that the American girls go anywhere and almost everywhere without escorts has long been a matter of wonderment to me, said a member of the French nobility the other day. I was coming down in an elevated train yesterday, and the reason was made evident to me. As we neared City Hall station almost every passenger made a rush for the door and stood for five minutes, each anxious to get ahead of the other in leaving the train.

One of the crowd was a very pretty young woman carrying a long handled umbrella in one hand and a big bundle in the other. Just behind her was a short, very fat man, who was rudely crowding the pretty girl. As I had not left my seat I saw the performance that followed.

Once the girl looked over her shoulder and the fat man stopped crowding for a moment, but began again and trod on the skirt of the pretty girl. Her eyes grew dark with anger. The long handled umbrella assumed a horizontal position and shot backward, point first, catching the fat man just about at the bottom of his vest. He gave a gasp of terror and caught his breath just as the pretty girl looked over her shoulder, smiled sweetly and said: "O, pardon me, but you are on my skirt."

Then she smiled even more sweetly, and the fat man dropped into a seat and groped about as though the air in the car was suffocating him. The girl marched complacently out of the car head up, the dainty feathers in her hat nodding defiance to all masculine humanity.—N. Y. Telegram.